

On, Learned Judge.
A California judge decided that there is no judicial authority to keep a man from making love to his wife, although it could stop his beating her. The remarkable cause of this remarkable decision was that a woman in Los Angeles had applied for an injunction to restrain her husband from insisting on being attentive to her. This judge was not a Solomon, but he realized that only a Solomon could be trusted to rule upon the whims and inconsistencies of womankind.

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Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting—No Itching—No Stinging. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practices for many years. Now dedicated to the Public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c. **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**

Impolite.
"Why wouldn't you put out your tongue for the doctor this morning, Karl?"
"Oh, Emmy, I couldn't. I don't know him well enough."—Flegende Blaetter.

Even the absent-minded man may have a good presence.

Unslightly eruptions disappear after a course of Garfield Tea.

The man who wears a silk hat shouldn't butt in.

A DAIRONDAK



Write us today and learn how we can sell all styles of **Adairondack Sewing Machines** (warranted for 20 years), direct from factory to home (no other way) at lowest possible prices and easiest, imaginable terms, sent on 30 days free trial to any trustworthy person in the United States, to be returned at our risk and expense if not found to be the finest machine in the market. By your own agent and buy direct from headquarters, and save money thereby—the only safe and sensible way. Our handsome printed matter will interest you.

Adairondack Sewing Machine Co.
Address: Executive Offices: **COHOCTON, N. Y.**

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Over Five Million Free Samples Given Away Each Year.
The Constant and Increasing Sales From Samples Proves the Genuine Merit of **ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.**

Shake Into Your Shoes
Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. Are you a trifle sensitive about the size of your shoes? Many people wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into them. If you have tired, swollen, hot, tender feet, Allen's Foot-Ease gives instant relief. **TRY IT TODAY.** Sold everywhere, 25 cts. Do not accept any substitute.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail.
In a pinch, use Allen's Mother Gray's Sweet Powder, the best medicine for Feverish, Sickly Children. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Trial package **FREE.** Address: **ALLEN S. OLMS TED, LE ROY, N. Y.**

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That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. **SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.** Genuine must bear Signature **Breen Wood.**

ONE BOX MAKES 5 GALLONS OF HOUSEHOLD EXTRACT
FOR MAKING OLD FASHIONED HOME-MADE ROOFTREE.

Every home should make rooftree in springtime for its deliciousness and its fine tonic properties.
One package makes 5 gallons. If your grocer isn't supplied, we will mail you a package on receipt of 25c. Please give his name.
Write for premium puzzle.
THE CHARLES E. HIRSH CO., 255 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DAISY FLY KILLER PLACED ANYWHERE, AT FLIES, NESTS, CLEAN, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Kills all house flies. Made of metal, can't rust or rot. Guaranteed effective. 15 cts. each at dealers or 6 sent prepaid for \$1.00.
HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, No. 1, No. 2, No. 3.
Used in French Hospitals with the best standard in the art of uniform making. Don't place your order until you have received our catalogue and samples, state kind wanted.
GEORGE EVANS & CO., Dept. 1, 132 N. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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EYE ACHES **Pettitts Eye Salve**



SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Barony. The place is to be sold, and its history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazard, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy.

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)
The next day Yancy had occasion to visit Balaam's Cross Roads. Crenshaw gave him a disquieting opinion as to the probable contents of his letter, for he himself had heard from Bladen that he had decided to assume the care of the boy.

"I reckon Bladen will have the law on his side, Bob!"

"The law be damned—I got what's fair on mine. I don't wish to better than that," exclaimed Yancy, over his shoulder. He strode from the store and started down the sandy road at a brisk run. Miserable forebodings of an impending tragedy leaped up within him, and the miles were many that lay between him and the Hill.

As he breasted the slope he came within sight of a little group in his own dooryard. Saving only Uncle Sammy Bellamy, the group resolved itself into the women and children of the Hill, but there was one small figure he missed. The patriarch hurried toward him, leaning on his cane.

"They've took your nevy, Bob!" he cried, in a high, thin voice.

"Who's took him?" asked Yancy hoarsely.

"Hit were Dave Blount. Get your gun, Bob, and go after him—kill the miserable sneaking cuss!" cried Uncle Sammy. "By the Fayetteville Road, Bob, not ten minutes ago—you can cut him off at Ox Road fork!"

Yancy breathed a sigh of relief. A rifle was placed in Yancy's hands.

"Thank you all kindly," said Yancy, and turning away he struck off through the pine woods. A brisk walk of twenty minutes brought him to the Ox Road fork.

He had not long to wait, for presently the buggy hove in sight. As the buggy came nearer he recognized his ancient enemy in the person of the man who sat at Hannibal's side, and stepping into the road seized the horses by their bits. At sight of him Hannibal shrieked his name in delight.

"Uncle Bob—Uncle Bob—" he cried.

"Yes, it's Uncle Bob. You can light down, Nevvy."

"Leggo them horses!" said Mr. Blount.

"Light down, Nevvy," said Yancy, still pleasantly.

Hannibal instantly availed himself of the invitation. At the same moment Blount struck at Yancy with his whip, and his horses reared wildly, thinking the blow meant for them. Seeing that the boy had reached the ground in safety, Yancy relaxed his hold on the team, which instantly plunged forward. Then as the buggy swept past him he made a grab at Blount and dragged him out over the wheels into the road, where he proceeded to fetch Mr. Blount a smack in the jaw. Then with a final skilful kick he sent Mr. Blount sprawling.

"Don't let me catch you aroun' these diggings again, Dave Blount, or I swear to God I'll be the death of you!"

Hannibal rode home through the pine woods in triumph on his Uncle Bob's mighty shoulders.

CHAPTER IV.

Law at Balaam's Cross Roads. But Mr. Yancy was only at the beginning of his trouble. Three days later there appeared on the borders of Scratch Hill a gentleman armed with a rifle. It was Charley Balaam, old Squire Balaam's nephew.

"Can I see you friendly, Bob Yancy?" Balaam demanded with the lungs of a stentor, sheltering himself behind the thick bole of a sweetgum, for he observed that Yancy held his rifle in the crook of his arm.

"I reckon you can, Charley Balaam, if you are friendly," said Yancy.

"I'm a-going to trust you, Bob," said Balaam. And forsaking the shelter of the sweetgum he shuffled up the slope.

"How are you, Charley?" asked Yancy, as they shook hands.

"Only just tolerable, Bob. You've been warranted—Dave Blount swore hit on to you." He displayed a sheet of paper covered with much writing and decorated with a large seal.

"Read it," he said mildly. Balaam scratched his head.

"I don't know that hit's my duty to do that, Bob. Hit's my duty to serve it on to you."



THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILLE

ton," commanded Uncle Sammy. At the name both Yancy and Balaam manifested interest. They saw a man in the early twenties, clean-limbed and broad-shouldered, with a handsome face and shapely head. "Yes, sir, hit's a grandson of Tom Carrington that used to own the grist-mill down at the Forks."

"Where you located at, Mr. Carrington?" asked Yancy. But Carrington was not given a chance to reply. Uncle Sammy saved him the trouble.

"Back in Kentucky. He takes rats down the river to New Orleans, then he comes back on ships to Baltimore, or else he hooofs it north overland. He wants to visit the Forks," he added.

"I'm shortly goin' that way myself, Mr. Carrington, and I'll be pleased of your company—but first I got to get through with Bob Yancy," said Balaam, and again he produced the warrant. "If agreeable to you, Bob, I'll ask Uncle Sammy to read this here warrant."

"Who's been a-warrantin' Bob Yancy?" cried Uncle Sammy.

"Dave Blount has."

"I knowed hit—I knowed he'd try to get even! What's the charge agin you, Bob?"

"Read hit," said Balaam. "Why, sho—can't you read plain writin', Uncle Sammy?" for the patriarch was showing signs of embarrassment.

"If you gentlemen will let me—" said Carrington pleasantly. After a moment's scrutiny of the paper that Balaam had thrust in his hand, Carrington began:

"To the Sheriff of the County of Cumberland: Greetings:

"Whereas, It is alleged that a murderous assault has been committed on one David Blount, of Fayetteville, by Robert Yancy, of Scratch Hill, said Blount sustaining numerous bruises and contusions, to his great injury of body and mind; and whereas, it is further alleged that said murderous assault was wholly unprovoked and without cause, you will forthwith take into custody the person of said Yancy, of Scratch Hill, charged with having inflicted the bruises and contusions herein set forth in the complaint of said Blount, and instantly bring him into our presence to answer to these and several crimes and misdemeanors. You are empowered to seize said Yancy wherever he may be at; whether on the hillside or in the valley, eating or sleeping, or at rest."

"DE LANCY BALAAM, Magistrate. Fourth District, County of Cumberland, State of North Carolina. Done this twenty-fourth day of May, 1835."

"P. S.—Dear Bob: Dave Blount says he ain't able to chew his meat. I thought you'd be glad to know."

Smilingly Carrington folded the warrant and handed it to Yancy.

"Well, what are you goin' to do about hit, Bob?" inquired Balaam.

"Maybe I'd ought to go. I'd like to oblige the squire," said Yancy.

"Suppose I come to the Cross Roads this evening?"

"That's agreeable," said the deputy, who presently departed in company with Carrington.

Some hours later the male population of Scratch Hill, with a gravity befitting the occasion, prepared itself to descend on the Cross Roads and give its support to Mr. Yancy in his hour of need. Even Uncle Sammy, who had not been off the Hill in years, announced that no consideration of fatigue would keep him away from the scene of action, and Yancy loaned him his mule and cart for the occasion. Yancy led the straggling procession, with the boy trotting by his side, his little sunburned fist clasped in the man's great hand.

The squire's court held its infrequent sittings in the best room of the Balaam homestead, a double cabin of hewn logs. Here Scratch Hill was gratified with a view of Mr. Blount's battered visage.

"What's all this here fuss between you and Bob Yancy?" demanded the squire when he had administered the oath to Blount. Mr. Blount's statement was brief and very much to the point.

"He done give me the order from the judge of the co't—I was to show it to Bob Yancy—"

"Got that order?" demanded the squire sharply. With a smile, damaged, but clearly a smile, Blount produced the order. "Hm—app'nted guardian of the boy—" the squire was presently heard to murmur. The crowded room was very still now, and more than one pair of eyes were turned pityingly in Yancy's direction. When the long arm of the law reached out from Fayetteville, where there was a real judge and a real sheriff, it clothed itself with terrors.

"Well, Mr. Blount, what did you do with this here order?" asked the squire.

"I showed Yancy the order—"

"You lie, Dave Blount; you didn't!" said Yancy. "But I can't say as it would fall on the plaintiff."

squire. He'd have taken his licking just the same and I'd have had my nevy out of that buggy!"

"Didn't he say nothing about this here order from the co't, Bob?"

"There wa'n't much conversation, squire. I invited my nevy to light down, and then I snaked Dave Blount out over the wheel."

"Who struck the first blow?"

"He did. He struck at me with his buggy whip."

Squire Balaam removed his spectacles and leaned back in his chair.

"It's the opinion of this here co't that the whole question of assault rests on whether Bob Yancy saw the order. Bob Yancy swears he didn't see it, while Dave Blount swears he was clearly actin' on the idea that Blount was stealin' his nevy, and he done what any one would have done under the circumstances. If, on the other hand, he knewed of this order from the co't, he was not only guilty of assault, but he was guilty of resistin' an officer of the co't."

The squire paused impressively. His audience drew a long breath.

"Can a body drape a word here?" It was Uncle Sammy's thin voice that cut into the silence.

"Certainly, Uncle Sammy. This here co't will always admire to listen to you."

"Well, I'd like to say that I consider that Fayetteville co't mighty officious with its orders. This part of the county won't take nothin' off Fayetteville! We don't interfere with Fayetteville, and blamed if we'll let Fayetteville interfere with us!"

There was a murmur of approval. Scratch Hill remembered the rifles in its hands and took comfort.

"The Fayetteville co't air a higher co't than this, Uncle Sammy," explained the squire indulgently.

"I'm aware of that," snapped the patriarch. "I've seen hit's steeple."

"Air you finished, Uncle Sammy?" asked the squire deferentially.

"I low I am. But I low that if this here case is goin' again Bob Yancy I'd recommend him to go home and not listen to no mo' foolishness."

"Mr. Yancy will oblige this co't by setting still while I finish this case," said the squire with dignity.

"Mr. Yancy has sworn to one thing, Mr. Blount to another. Now the Yancys air an old family in these parts; Mr. Blount's folks air strangers. Consequently," pursued the squire, somewhat vindictively, "we ain't had any time in which to form an opinion of

the Blounts; but for myself, I'm suspicious of folks that keep movin' about and who don't seem able to get located permanent nowhere, who air here today and away tomorrow. But you can't say that of the Yancys. They air an old family in the country, and naturally this co't feels obliged to accept a Yancy's word before the word of a stranger. And, in view of the fact that the defendant did not seek litigation, but was perfectly satisfied to let matters rest where they was, it is right and just that all costs should fall on the plaintiff."

He had not long to wait, for presently a Buggy Hove in Sight.

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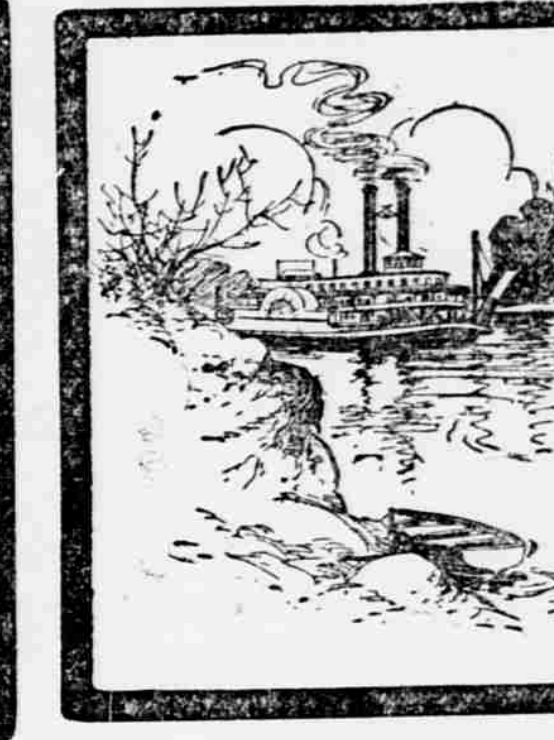
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CHAPTER V.

The Encounter.
Betty Malroy had ridden into the squire's yard during the progress of the trial and when Yancy and Hannibal came from the house she beckoned the Scratch Hiller to her.

"You are not going to lose your nephew, are you, Mr. Yancy?" she asked eagerly, when Yancy stood at her side.

"No, ma'am." But his sense of elation was plainly tempered.

"I am very glad. I rode out to the Hill to say good-by to Hannibal and to you, but they said you were here and that the trial was today."

Captain Murrell, with Crenshaw and the squire, came from the house, and Murrell's swarthy face lit up at sight of the girl. Yancy would have yielded his place, but Betty detained him.

"Are you going away, ma'am?" he asked with concern.

"Yes—to my home in west Tennessee," and a cloud crossed her smooth brow.

"But ain't you ever coming back, Miss Betty?" asked Hannibal rather fearfully.

"Oh, I hope so, dear." She turned to Yancy. "I wonder you don't leave the Hill, Mr. Yancy. You could so easily go where Mr. Bladen would never find you. Haven't you thought of this?"

"That are a pint," agreed Yancy slowly. "Might I ask you what parts you'd specially recommend?" lifting his grave eyes to hers.

"It would really be the sensible thing to do!" said Betty. "I am sure you would like west Tennessee—they say you are a great hunter." Yancy smiled almost guiltily.

"Mr. Yancy, if you should cross the mountains, remember I live near Memphis. Belle Plain is the name of the plantation—it's not hard to find; just don't forget—Belle Plain."

"I won't forget, and mebbe you will see us there one of these days. Sho, I've seen mighty little of the world—about as far as a dog can trot in a couple of hours!"

Betty glanced toward the squire and Mr. Crenshaw. They were standing near the bars that gave entrance to the lane. Murrell had left them and was walking briskly down the road toward Crenshaw's store, where his horse was tied. She bent down and gave Yancy her slim white hand.

"Good-by, Mr. Yancy—lift Hannibal so that I can kiss him!" Yancy swung the child aloft. "I think you are such a nice little boy, Hannibal—you

mustn't forget me!" And touching her horse lightly with the whip she rode away at a gallop.

"She sho'ly is a lady!" said Yancy, staring after her. "And we musn't forget Memphis or Belle Plain, Nevvy."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Trouble.
"What was the matter concerning the collapse of the official thermometer?"

"I don't know, unless somebody took its temperature."

He had not long to wait, for presently a Buggy Hove in Sight.

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The man who steals your thunder is naturally under a cloud.

Garfield Tea is unequalled either as an occasional or a daily laxative.

A friend in word is not always a friend in deed.

Occasionally we meet a man who would rather work for a living than get into politics.

Trouble.
"That man seems to be greatly depressed about something."
"Yes. He must live in some town whose baseball team is at the tail-end."

His Opportunity.
"Going to Wombat's wedding, over on the north side?"
"Not I. I was engaged to the girl. Wombat cut me out."

"Well, come to the wedding. You may get a chance to biff him in the jaw with an old shoe."

Calculation.
"Going to make garden?"
"I dunno," replied the man who always looks discouraged. "I'm busy now figuring up how many tons of lettuce I'll have to raise to pay for the spade and the rake and the rest of the outfit."

All He Wanted Was Just Plain Eggs.
A youth entered one of the "ham-and-raw" cafes on Grand avenue and ordered eggs. "Up or over?" asked the man behind the counter. "I just want eggs," replied the prospective diner. "But do you want them up or over?" repeated the waiter, and again the guest asserted that he desired "only eggs." The third time the party of the second part insisted on his query, whereupon the patron, with a sigh of despair, said "I guess I'll take a steak."—Kansas City Star.

Milky Way Causes Glaciers.
Another suggested cause of glacial periods is that they have been due to the shifting of the milky way, such as is known to have occurred. Assuming that much of the earth's heat comes from the stars, Dr. Rudolf Spitaler finds that the change of position in relation to the milky way might have given a different distribution of temperature from that existing at the present time. The stars are not only crowded in the region of the milky way, but many of them are of the hottest type.

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Doctor Was Fooled by His Own Case For a Time.

It's easy to understand how ordinary people get fooled by coffee when doctors themselves sometimes forget the facts.

A physician speaks of his own experience:

"I had used coffee for years and really did not exactly believe it was injuring me although I had palpitation of the heart every day. (Tea contains caffeine—the same drug found in coffee—and is just as harmful as coffee.)"

"Finally one day a severe and almost fatal attack of heart trouble frightened me and I gave up both tea and coffee, using Postum instead, and since that time I have had absolutely no heart palpitation except on one or two occasions when I tried a small quantity of coffee, which caused severe irritation and proved to me I must let it alone."